

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER AND EASTERN CHRONICLE.

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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POETRY.

[From the U. S. Literary Gazette.]
SONNET.

Pass on, stern Time! I know thy shadowy wing
Is bearing youth, and health, & hope away,
Then quickly fleet, and bring th' appointed day.
When this worn spirit may no longer cling
To earth-born vanities, but gladly fling
Its weight of clay aside; my wearied soul
Pines 'neath the fetters of the world's control.
Sick of the thousand petty cares that sting
The heart almost to madness, I have sought
My joy in dreams—alas! its end was pain!
And hope's unreal fancies, and deep thought
Cherished in solitude, have been my ban;
But now, when lone couch I could lie,
As calmly as a wearied child, and die!

LANTHE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Boston Evening Bulletin.]
THE PAST.

A very few hours are all that remain of the departing year; and in common with multitudes of contemporary moralists, we would devote a serious paragraph to the occasion. While guided by those measured epochs which serve as beacons along the road of time—as guide-posts on our journey through, which we can never re-pass—our reflections are naturally involved in more than ordinary solemnity. At such periods, sentiments the most interesting, as well as unwelcome, pervade the mind; and we cling to the fading retrospect, as to the vision of some friend of other days, with mingled fondness and reverence.

But the consideration that these are the closing hours of a fugitive twelve month, does not operate on all minds with equal influence. Nevertheless, to those who bestow an earnest thought upon it, the subject is fraught with melancholy lessons, and with profitable admonitions. It is a season peculiarly adapted to the recitals of memory, and the purposes of conscience. Of the days that are gone, experience is all that is left to us—and happy are those whose recollections bring forth no images productive of remorse. A recurrence to the past is perhaps in no instance unaccompanied with regret—no rational being can deliberately exult in the flight of time, however satisfactory may be his mental references to transactions wherein he may have figured—or however closely the lapse of years may draw him towards some desired object.

Youth, with all its golden dreams and soothing hopes, dazzled as it often is by imaginary prospects, and confidently reposing in the permanency of splendours that seem to surround its future career, bestows at least a sigh upon the thought, that another year is now terminated. The enjoyments of that period are also expiring—schoolmates and playfellows diverge from the beloved circle, to commence a more important course, to encounter their various destinies. The grand drama of existence is opening before them—together they witness its dawn; they separate, perhaps forever; but the scenes through which they are severally fated to pass, ere the conclusion shall arrive, who can tell! How often will memory, tenacious of its powers and privileges, mournfully revert to those hours, when the lapse of time was denoted by a simple sigh, unexpressed by heavier cares or griefs than those which follow the privation of juvenile pleasures!

In our advancement from youth to manhood, the dying year is attended by speculations more grave and profound. Remembrance, once a storehouse of delights, is plundered perhaps of its sweetest treasures. Along with the receding season may be borne into oblivion the final blessing of parental affection, the last look of perishing love, or the imploring mean of an endeared child, vainly struggling against the despotism of death. Sorrow may have thrown her shades about us, and obscured our fairest aspirations—Guilt may have stained our footsteps, and blasted our better designs with infamy. Slander may have penetrated the citadel of our fame; and rifled, without opportunity of redress, those accumulated honors upon which rested all our earthly welfare. Who, that has attained a middle age in human life, can acquit his mind of trouble—who can declare, that, during the short year now elapsed, none of these calamities have visited him—that his fire-side and his bosom have enjoyed exemption from wo and from disappointment?

Still more gloomy do these periodical landmarks on the highway of time, affect the tremulous feelings of old age. Another burthen is heaped upon the pile of years—another prop is withdrawn from the tottering frame. The enfeebled fancy no longer revels in the luxuries of former felicity—the obtuse intellect perceives less poignantly the sting of bygone misfortunes. To those who have wandered thus far on life's rough and desolate path, the circumstance of a passing year affords but little interest. Their compan-

ions have, peradventure, long since retired from the pageantry of earth—there are none to return the grasp of friendship—none to meet the embrace of affection. Wayworn and decrepid, they regard this last day as a mere prelude to their own. Existence itself is realized as a mouldering monument, hung about with infirmities, and crowned with frosty chaplets, the withered warnings of dissolving nature. We shut the book!

LOVE OF LIFE.

Age, that lessens the enjoyments of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers, which, in the vigor of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increases as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dressed out the distant prospect in fancied beauty, some happiness in long perspective still becomes me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years; whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachments to every object around us increase, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. I would not choose, says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibility becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceeds the aversion of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world and all that it produces, they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chiungwang, the Chaste ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chiungwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are, to me, more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed: in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its joys have been anticipated, in former conversation;

it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; desolate of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle, had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing, cried he to himself, what will it appear when age comes on; if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till at last, with all the sincerity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shuddering, he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

Goldsmith.

EARLY RISING.

Much has been said of early rising, and very justly too—but after all, there is not so much in rising early, as in spending the day well, after you are up. Many people take pride in getting out of their beds before rosy morning has peeped from the eastern horizon, and yet these people lounge away their time, as if it were created for nothing better. It is well to be up and doing; there is no trait in the character of a young person, that looks so well as a disposition to attend to his affairs in the morning—it looks like a determination for business, which will establish his credit, and eventually lay the foundation for his fortune. Show us a man who employs himself early rather than late, and we will show you a rich man, and one who will be known in the world; more characters and more fortunes have been formed between day-light and sunrise, than at any other period of the day; more good habits have been established by this practice, than by any other. With the morning of the day it is as it is with the morning of life. He that sees his youth pass away, and has nothing to lay a feather against, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be poor; and he who begins not the day well, is almost sure to end it as he began. In the morning, both body and mind are in full vigor; every organ is prepared to act, every nerve is ready to perform its office, and every faculty to display itself; and he who permits his system to weaken and enervate itself, by indulgence, cannot be wise.

But there is one class of earlier risers, who had better remain in bed. We mean those who are called up by an appetite for their bitters; and who are not the least numerous of those who get up early. We have marked taverns and grog shops, and found them sooner tenanted than other places of resort—and noticed that a drunkard always commences his career early in the day. Look where you will, and our life on it, you see a drunkard spend no morning in bed, unless compelled to do so by last night's debauch. They awake with the first ray of morning light, their minds clouded with horror for past conduct, their throats burning with an unnatural thirst, and they hasten to quench the one by adding to the other. These people had better let the sun rise upon their slumbers, than take another step towards a horrid death, before breakfast.

And yet another class of people get and deserve no credit for leaving their beds before their neighbors; and these are those who make no good use of their time after they are up. What matters it if a man have all the good qualities in the world, if he make no good use of them? Would the mines of Peru benefit the world, if suffered to remain in the heart of her mountains? A man may get up if he will, and spend more time on his feet than any in the country, and yet not perform half the labor of one who indulges himself in bed till noon. We have heard of a clever old lady in Newport, who was always the first person up in the place, and yet worth nothing after she was up; and a thousand times have we been reminded of the story, by the conduct of person under our immediate observation.

We say get up early by all means, and when you have risen, let every man attend to his own affairs, and then every man's affairs will be attended to.—*Lit. Cadet.*

A SINGULAR IMPOSTOR.

The Ohio papers are filled with an account of an impostor, who calls himself the Son of Man, and says he left the heavenly regions in the early part of last Spring. [We think, by the way, he has been a

long time coming that distance.] He attempts to prove his divinity by showing the prints of nails on his hands, and the mark of a spear on his side. Unfortunately, however, for the new Messiah, he was caught stealing, and his Godship committed to prison without any respect to his divinity, and it is thought that hereafter his limbs will bear the marks of hand-cuffs and shackles, at least.

Some twenty or thirty years ago, there was a similar character made his appearance in Massachusetts, and announced to the inhabitants of that State that he was from the Heavenly Father direct, and that it was contemplated by him to burn the world in about one week from the next Wednesday! This announcement made not a little stir among the orthodox people of that Commonwealth, some of whom, possessing more zeal than knowledge, believed it to be literally true. Among the rest, a good old Deacon of a Congregational Church was constrained to end his worldly affairs about the time the unauthenticated messenger would have him, and accordingly spent the week, from its commencement until Wednesday, at his devotions.—On that fatal morning, seeking to drown care, he repaired to a public house in the neighborhood, where some half-dozen harnessed fellows had congregated, in despite of prophet and prophecy. The Deacon told them he knew not what the meant to do, but for his own part, he intended to stimulate his mortal frame before it went to eternal decay, and ended by advising them to do the same. Ever ripe for a frolic, they helped the Deacon on in his determination, and plied him from the bottle until he was as senseless as if his spirit had really escaped. When they had done this, they conveyed him to the yard, and covered him with straw. They waited anxiously for the effect of the stimulus to cease, and on an indication of returning life, one of the company set fire to the straw with which he was covered. The old man's senses seemed to come to him again in an instant, and starting from the burning mass, exclaimed with an oath, "In—at last, as I always expected to be!"

We think this Ohio prophecy must end in something like the one in our sister State of Massachusetts.—*Lit. Cadet.*

THANKSGIVING.

A TALE.

In one of the small towns of N. England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the facts occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

A honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding the festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be *baked up*, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season.—Having carried the vegetables the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the large boys and girls set off on foot in high glee the dog running and barking before them apparently as well pleased with going to Grandpapa's as any of the happy group.

Soon after the parent pair and their little ones having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon on the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a *low wicked* candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—the Devil is in the cellar!—"Poh," said the father, "you have been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much as terrified as his son—"Sure enough, the Devil is in the cellar." The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house.—The good man seized the great bible, and attempted to read, but the candle sputter-

ed, burnt blue, and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother.—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains—and the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was despatched for the minister, "to lay the Devil."

The Parson a man more celebrated for good nature, piety, and credulity, than for talents or heroism, sipped the small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and imploried by at least a dozen voices at once, "to drive the devil away." But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the Parson was pushed forward as a leader lightened by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt, if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the internal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motions of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest and drawing hastily back to renew the assault hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar! While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren take care of yourselves, the Devil has got me!" This exhortation was better obeyed than any that he had ever delivered from the pulpit, his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first supposed the fiend to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun and willing to see a comedy he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathize with the others in their fears.—He now thought it was time to interfere and snatching a pitchpine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirt of his coat—and the cry of don't proceed from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The past scene, however, was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out of the door, the parson absented without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

FRIENDSHIP.

Beware of those who on a short acquaintance, make you a tender of their friendship, and seem to place a confidence in you; 'tis ten to one but they deceive and betray you; however, do not rudely reject them upon such a supposition; you may be civil to them, though do not trust them. Silly men are apt to solicit your friendship and unbecomingly themselves upon the first acquaintance; such a friend cannot be worth having, their friendship being as slender as their understanding; and if they proffer their friendship with a design to make a property of you, they are dangerous acquaintances indeed.—Not but the little friendship of the weak may be of some use to you, if you do not return the compliment; and it may not be amiss to seem to accept those of designing men, keeping them, as it were, in play, that they may not be open enemies; for their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. We may certainly hold their virtues in abhorrence, without being marked out as their personal enemy. The general rule is to have a real reserve with almost every one, and a seeming reserve with almost no one; for it is very disgusting to seem reserved and very dangerous not to be so. Few observe the true medium. Many are ridiculously mysterious upon trifles, and many indiscreetly communicative of all they know.

GARDINER, FRIDAY, DEC. 26.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more!—*Shakespeare.*

MAN, when he enters this stage of being and commences his part in the transactions of the changing drama of life, has, at farthest, a short probation to perform; and the rapidity with which he passes the few way-marks in his course, shows him conclusively, that the period which limits his earthly career, though unknown to him, cannot be far distant. Another year—an important portion of human existence—is near its final close. By the good mercy of Him, "in whose hand our times are," we have been permitted to witness the last sands running from the glass, and to stand upon the verge of another year, whose concealed fortunes are known only to Omnipotence. On! now is such a season calculated to bring us to a stand! to induce serious reflections! to call up, in view of the past, both regrets and pleasing recollections, to cause us to look to the future with a firm reliance on the protecting care of the divine Being!

When the present year commenced, kind reader, we wished you "a happy new year—of life, health and prosperity." Generantly, we trust, this wish has been granted. We have travelled through the successive seasons that are past, amidst innumerable blessings, natural and moral; and if they have not been enjoyed, it is because they have not been prized and improved. But there have been storms as well as sun-shine—adversity as well as prosperity; and some have experienced bitterly the former. The friends whom they greeted at the opening of the year, and with whom they hoped to be permitted to pass quietly through it, have fallen by the iron grasp of death. The places that then knew them, know them not now, and painful is the return which memory brings to the wounded bosom of the afflicted survivor. But in the darkest of hours, the star of Bethlehem gives consoling hope. A glorious spring approaches. The Sun of Righteousness shall dispel the darkness of the tomb and warm into life the tenants of the grave. Then shall the tears of sorrow change into tears of gratitude and joy, and friends, long separated by death, reunite to part no more forever. But there are more to whom the year now expiring has brought no such separations. Surrounded by those who have accompanied them to the present moment, they have every reason at this time to put up the prayer of thankfulness to Him who has continued his blessings to them. Let, then, this season be improved in sober and profitable reflections on life, and the purpose for which we were brought into being. Let us revive the history of the past, as our own conduct there stands recorded, and endeavor to listen to the solemn instructions of experience. And as we bid adieu to the year now closing, let us welcome the new one by a firm resolution to improve our time in the faithful discharge of the duties we owe to God, to ourselves and to one another.

TRUE HAPPINESS. They greatly err who suppose that there can be any substantial enjoyment found in any other way than in the way of duty. God has required nothing of us as a duty in which our own happiness does not consist. And it is because he desires human happiness, that he has seen fit to establish those rules for our conduct through which our enjoyment alone can come. He who disobeys his commands, injures himself most—certainly he does not injure God. He is above being benefitted by our finite services, or being injured for the want of them. The way of the transgressor is, always was, and forever will be, a hard way; there may be allurements in it which deceive him who is tempted to go therein; but he will find them like the songs of the syren, the authors of his ruin. Those who represent religion as a hard way, are unacquainted with it. "Great peace have they that keep thy law, and nothing shall offend them." True, the religious man may not always be the most prosperous in the pursuit of this world's goods. But temporal prosperity and real happiness are not twin sisters; and if they ever were, they have so often quarrelled and fallen out on the way, it is time all legitimate connexion between them were dissolved. The poor man, with a good conscience, is infinitely happier than the rich man with a consciousness of guilt in his bosom. Guilt, like a viper, gnaws at the very root of human happiness, and it is not in the power of all the wealth of the Indies or the honors of the most exalted stations to entice him away. Would you be happy, friend? Let, then, VIRTUE BE YOUR COMPANION, and wherever you may be led you

will find the "peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Mr. E. S. ANDERSON'S STATEMENT. We received, a few weeks since, a communication from Mr. E. S. Anderson, in relation to the Resolve of the Eastern Association concerning him passed at its June Session, in Lewiston, and gave the writer, at the time he handed it to us, encouragement that we would give it an insertion, or state its contents, as soon as we could find room for it. Hitherto we have not been able to fulfil our intention exactly to our minds—as it would occupy considerable room in the paper; and as his defence ought to be contained in this volume, (the Resolve being in the same,) and as this is the last number of the volume, we shall now take the liberty to give a brief but fair view of the statements made in the communication.

Mr. Anderson says, that he has been from his youth up, and is now, a member of the Unitarian Society in good standing—as he has credentials to show:—That he studied divinity with a Unitarian clergyman in Philadelphia, and has his recommendation. [This last, indeed, is not in his communication, but he stated it to the Editor in personal conversation.]—That on forming an acquaintance with the late Rev. Samuel Hutchinson, after he came into Maine, and after having read his Apology, (which work, or rather a more subsequent one by Mr. H. he undertook to publish, and which he did publish,) he became more fully acquainted with the doctrine of Universal salvation—having, however, always believed in the final restoration,—and as he travelled through the country, he deemed it his privilege and his duty to appoint meetings when invited, and to preach these sentiments:—That he never professed to be a Universalist minister—in the sense that he was in regular fellowship with that communion; but that he was always free to declare the facts as to the denomination with which he was in fellowship,—leaving it to others to hear him preach or not as they chose. He thinks that he had a right so to do—this being a free country,—and that the Universalist Association assumed what did not belong to it, and what it cannot prove, when it declared him to be, in the opinion of that body, "an impostor." He animadverted with considerable spirit upon the right of the Association to pass such a resolution, and thinks that in so doing it has departed from the spirit of Jesus.

This is the amount of the communication. With Mr. A. we have but a very limited acquaintance; and whether the declaration of the Association can be sustained or not by facts, is not for us now to say. His statements, as we have given them above, are now before the public, and that public will judge for itself to what degree of credit they are entitled. That Mr. A. has a legal right to preach—as every other citizen has—there can be no doubt; but from what we can learn of his gifts, we should seriously doubt the utility of his exercising that right.

UNIVERSALISM IN MAINE. Within the year, now near its close, there have been eleven new Universalist Societies organized in this State, according to law; four new Associations formed; one new Church re-erected,—besides a number of others built principally by Universalists, but dedicated as free Meeting-houses, and in which there is a proportion of Universalist preaching.

ANOTHER NEW MEETING-HOUSE. A respected friend, in Greene, informs us, that plans to erect a new Meeting-house next summer for the use of the Universalist Society being too small to convene all who attend meeting. This house was the first Universalist Meeting-house erected in Maine, the prosperity of the cause of truth in Northern Maine. The name he bears is endeared to our connexion; may he sustain its exalted reputation well.

We have received Br. Cobb's Thanksgiving Sermon, delivered in Malden. We are well pleased with it. In due time we shall present some extracts from it to our readers. Rayner's on hand; also one preached in Philadelphia on the 35th ult. by Rev. Z. Fuller, indeed, thrash the orthodox plans.

REMOVAL. Rev. L. S. Everett, of Auburn, N. Y., has accepted the call of the First Universalist Society in Charlestown, (Mass.) to become their Pastor.

The brethren chosen to determine where the next meeting of the Y. C. & O. Association shall be held, are Hon. J. Dunn, Jr., Dr. Wm. Bridgham, Joel Keese, Esq., Jabez Marchant and N. Bennett.

We have now completed another year's hard labor. On this occasion it befalls us to express, first of all, our thankfulness to Heaven for the aid He has extended to us, and the success with which He has been pleased to crown our efforts; and, in kind patrons by whom we have been encouraged, and to our intelligent correspondents publication useful and interesting. We are encouraged by the former expressions of their kindness to calculate on its continuance.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.
FOR THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

PURE RELIGION.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James i. 27.

There is no word more frequently used than that of religion. Every denomination professes to hold it in its purity. All are urgent in their exhortations to others in order to engage them in attempting to possess it. Notwithstanding the frequency with which it is used, there is no word less understood. There is a ready to exhort people to obtain religion without ever reflecting for a single moment that no person can obtain any thing unless they know the object of which they strive to obtain something which we think is the proper object, but at the same time many who have no doubt but they possess the true religion of the Bible; but with that defined by St. James, must converse every candid observer that either they or the Bible are wrong. Let us look at the religion of the day. As soon as a person is converted, he is, in too many instances, same faith. Like the Pharisees he will thank God that he is not like other men. Now the very manifestations of a spirit like this, proves better than a thousand arguments, that such an one does not possess "pure and undefiled religion." The next step will be to slander the sentiments of all others who differ from them in sentiment. This they will do by stating that they believe in doctrines which are pernicious to the morals of society. How frequently is this urged against the believers in the unbounded goodness of God! The slander has been noticed, and rebuffed by the most cogent arguments. All I have to remark on this objection, is, that no sentiment can have a good moral tendency unless the love of God is the foundation of it. Another quality of the religion of the day is, a spirit of persecution of arms, other means are adopted. Persecution will always find some way to that those who are the most religious, will, according to the common understanding of the term, have the most various means of persecution. Let a person in one of their churches increase a little in divine knowledge; let him but go so far as to believe that "the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." If he be honest enough to make known his sentiments, he must be excommunicated. If he will be a hypocrite, and keep his sentiment to himself, he may remain. Instead of this making people religious, it is the very cause best calculated to cherish hypocrisy. This is not all. After excommunication then follow many reports concerning his character, all of which, perhaps, have no foundation. This is a very peculiar trait in the religion which is now supported by the learning and wealth of a large portion of community.

Another character in the popular religion is, to "visit the widow and fatherless," not to relieve them, but to add to their affliction. The lonely widow's dwelling is entered, and her small pittance is demanded to support missionaries in pomp and splendor, that they may save poor immortal souls! This course has been practised too long. It is time, at least, that it should be known that all such religion is contrary to the Bible. How differently did the lovely Jesus conduct—He never distressed any human being, but they were not loaded with wealth. He told them to "provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in their purses; nor scrip for their journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor staves." With this in truth, circulating "pure religion." Would heaven we had such missionaries in our day!

But, it is time as we have spoken of false religion, that we take notice of that which is true. Before I commence this pleasing theme, I wish to make one remark which is, that the passage placed at the head of this article is the only one in the Bible which gives a clear definition of true religion. False religion is spoken of in four different places. That is best defined in the passage preceding the one which is the foundation of our remarks. James says, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that see any person saying, 'all manner of evil is vain.' We learn at once that his 'religion is vain.' Better would it be for him if he possessed none. But let us turn our attention to true religion, and learn in what it consists. A more important inquiry cannot be made. It is fortunate for us that we have it so clearly explained by one of the apostles of the lamb. He before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." We learn from this definition of religion that all religions that do not consist in "visiting the fatherless and widows," are impure: it must also be ob-

vious to every one that a religion which does not teach us to be charitable, can be of no advantage to individuals or community. How happy would it be for society if a religion like this was practised! How much does it surpass those excitements which have been sweeping our country with "moral desolation." If we could see a revival of such religion as this we should rejoice. There is one thing respecting it that is worthy of remark, which is, that the more we possess of it the happier we shall be. No man can relieve the poor and distressed without feeling an addition of pleasure. Scripture says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." No doubt that the giver feels more joy than the receiver; for the latter must feel under obligation, while the former feels that he has imparted happiness, and discharged his duty. I wish this kind of religion. There are many who will visit the widow and fatherless, if they happen to be in prosperity. They will profess to be their nearest friends, but the moment fortune turns the scale, then their visits will cease. Hence the remark of an author is correct. "Prosperity makes friends, but adversity tries them."

Let us now take notice of the last part of the definition of religion. This consists in "keeping ourselves unspotted from the world." Well would it be if Christians, instead of finding fault with the world, would rather strive to keep themselves clear from the evil which there is in it. We should keep our characters unspotted from intemperance. This is a foul stain on the character of a man, one which not only destroys his reputation, but should strive to wipe it off from his character by a well ordered life and conversation in society, especially among the most religious part of community. This is a disposition to misrepresent the character of God. This has been the case for centuries. It is a stain which ages of repentance cannot wash away. They will represent him as a God of wrath and fury, with as much coolness as they would speak of a Nero or a Caligula. This is the worst of all sins, as it undermines the peace of society, adds affliction to the afflicted. In fact, it aims almost a fatal blow to all pure religion; for a correct knowledge of Deity is the only lasting foundation for true religion. Let us all therefore examine for ourselves, and the more we study the more may we practice.

In conclusion, I have one question which I wish the reader to consider attentively; which is, Where did James obtain his religion? I answer for myself that he will refer to a single instance. At one time our Saviour saw a company, and among their number was a widow who was weeping for the loss of her only son. The Saviour said to her "Weep not." Then turning to the bier, called forth into life her child, and she returned home rejoicing. There was the religion of the Saviour, and James has instructed us in the same, and may we all practise it, as far as God has given to us ability.

Brewster, Mass.

C. S.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

CONFERENCE ON PRINCIPLES.

U. In my walk to-day, I met with Mr. H. who wished to ask questions upon religious subjects. He acknowledged that God wished or desired the salvation of all men, that he gave all sufficient means, that he made all capable of complying with the terms or conditions of salvation, and that he determined to pardon and bless all who repented of sin and believed in Christ. But he believed all would not accept or obey the gospel, so that they would be endlessly miserable.

H. Said that God would be just and glorious in making rebellious sinners, who died unconverted, miserable to all eternity. He admitted that God knew, when time and talents and die accused, yet he would make them, that they might act as they pleased, and destroy themselves forever.

U. Asked Mr. H. what God made those souls for, whom he knew certainly would plunge themselves into eternal fire and pain?

H. Answered that God could glorify himself as much in condemning the impenitent sinner as in saving the penitent.

U. Mr. H. was inquired of what real good was obtained by the miseries of the damned. He replied, that God did good to sinners on earth, that he blessed them with numerous favors temporal and spiritual. He was asked if these worldly blessings were not cursed to the sinner till the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by his spirit.

H. Confessed this to be true. Now the question was, could God shed his love into as many hearts as he pleased, so as He acknowledged God could do so, if he his creatures love and obey him, in due time, and he can influence them by means and motives so to do, will he not finally bring all mankind to be holy and happy?

U. Mr. H. thought not. For all did not ask that they might receive. How do you know Mr. H. that all in a dying mo-

ment do not cry to God, as did sinking Peter to Jesus, Lord save?

H. Assented, that some might do so, but many did not appear to make such prayer: therefore they died in sin and misery.

U. Do you not Mr. H. make the sinner's final salvation depend upon the creature's doings? After all that God and Christ has done, or will do, not a soul will be saved, unless the sinner does something himself which turns the scale, or raises him to heaven. Hence God depends upon the will of man, to help him to save souls from the pains of hell forever.

H. Would not grant that it is not of flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Mr. H. would insist that man's free will made the difference between the saved and the damned.

U. Mr. H. was then asked, if man was not according to his plan, saved by works, and not of grace. He would not admit it, was of works or man's merit, but all of God's grace. And this grace was bestowed upon all, but all would not improve it, therefore their condemnation was wholly of themselves. So the conversation lasted an hour. Finally, Mr. H. said that he had enjoyed more happiness in his soul in one hour, when God's love was poured into his heart, than in whole years before, while he lived in a course of sin.

H. Was then asked if he was not abundantly rewarded for his good and righteous feelings? And on the other hand, whether he had not felt to be wretched for years, while he was living without the love of God and men? He acknowledged this to be a fact.

U. Then inquired how any one could deserve or merit eternal life, when they were so abundantly recompensed in loving God and man on earth? Or how they could merit or deserve endless misery for their conduct which made them so wretched while they lived ungodly.

H. Thought God had threatened eternal death as the wages of sin. He was asked how could that be true, and God save one sinner of mankind? For all have sinned; and God is true to his word. If God is true, no one of mankind can ever be saved. There is no room or chance for eternal life, after eternal death has seized upon a soul.

U. Seemed here to put H. into a meditation. He was silent and thoughtful. He said all Free-willers in heart, felt a desire for the salvation of all. If you had power, sir, would you not incline all to love God and one another? I must think all power is with God.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

SHORT SERMON.

"For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."—Rom. v. 10.

This passage, I consider, forms an incontestable evidence of the salvation of all mankind. The Apostle says, "When we were enemies we were reconciled." How were we reconciled? By our own works? By accepting what are termed the "offers of salvation?" The text answers, "by the death of his Son." Then, if by the death of Christ, "it is no more of works." Some may argue, however, that although our reconciliation was purchased by Christ, that there are certain conditions to be complied with, previous to our receiving the benefits of it. Our text says, "While we were yet enemies we were reconciled."—And could we comply with any conditions to merit or obtain any special favor from God, "while we were yet enemies?" Certainly not. Then we must allow that it is unconditional.

The next inquiry that presents itself, is, to whom does the reconciliation mentioned apply? It has before been proved, I think, that there are no conditions to the reconciliation mentioned in the text. Then we must allow it applies equally to all mankind. Will it be denied that the benefits of the Saviour are extended to all? "God is no respecter of persons."—He (Christ) gave himself a ransom for all. And that this "ransom" which was his death and sufferings, purchased our reconciliation, our text fully proves, "For if we were reconciled by his death," &c. In further proof of this position, I shall advert to the sixth verse of the chapter from which our text is taken, which says, "When we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly." What did the death of Christ effect for the ungodly? If it were possible, (but I think it is not,) that there should be any such it cannot be thought they will fare worse than the ungodly. In fact, they would need no reconciliation. But if any one should obtain this point of perfection, he would be much more fortunate than St. Paul! Besides the pronoun "we," when used in its present sense—without any qualifying term—refers to mankind generally.

We come now to the second part of the text:—"Much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by his life." And if we allow, that the reconciliation applies to all (which I think is indisputable,) "much more" must we allow that all "will be saved." I see no chance for evasion; the meaning of the passage is plain and unequivocal; the mysteries of Calvin's election and reprobation, will not answer to hide behind. In this view of the subject, what reason have we to extend with the Apostle:—"O the depth of the rich-

as both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

LAONIC.

Hampden, Dec. 1828.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

TO Z. WASHBURN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR & BROTHER,—This evening I received the *Intelligencer* of Dec. 12, in which I find a communication addressed to me over your signature in view of a letter I addressed to Rev. G. Bates, and sit down to give it immediate attention.—You will bear in mind that I did not present that letter for publication, as containing sentiments which I firmly believe; but simply by request of an esteemed Brother, committed my meditations to paper with an intention to bring forward the subject in treatise before the brethren for examination, in order to determine (if possible) whether the scriptures do, or do not inform us of the period man is to remain in death, before he rises to immortality and glory beyond its solemn shade. But my principal object in that letter was to induce some one to bring forward the commonly received opinion of universalists; viz. that the resurrection will take place on some particular day, when the whole human family will be roused simultaneously from corruption to incorruption and glory, and the living at the same instant be changed from mortal to immortality. You will perceive that my letter has a tendency to drive an opponent to that ground. These are my words, to Br. Bates:—*It is in justice due from me to you to state that as it respects the resurrection, I firmly believe that the process never halts, by which we are to be raised from slumber, but continues in active operation till we are made alive, be it longer or shorter.*—On the 7 days I make the following remark:—*I would inform you that the above are some of my private meditations, which I had no idea of publishing to the ministering brethren, or to the readers of the *Intelligencer*; because in them I am by no means established.*

I will now attend to your communication, and hope you will not attribute my plainness of speech to any want of benevolence on my part. I have no feelings towards you but those of fraternal affection.

I think you do not understand my premises; or if you do, you have rejected them, stated your own, considered them mine, and argued accordingly. In argument, (Br.) we should never rear a man of straw merely for the purpose of showing our dexterity in tearing it down. Your premises are as follows:—God labored 6 days, rested the 7th, and then query by way of comparison, how man can labor in death and rest on a 7th day beyond the veil from his own labor; because being dead, or asleep, he cannot work:—an then remarks:—"nor do you say he works." True (Br.) I did not say he works in death; nor in the example I gave in my letter, did I say those prisoners worked in the *dungeon*, by which I meant to resemble death; but I said (as you next state) that the spirit of God operates on him, and continues its action in death, &c. Why then did you not meet me on my premises instead of your own? Mine are as follows:—as God labored 6 days, finished his work on the 7th, and rested; on which day, man began the sublime contemplations of his Creator's works here below; so God (not man) will finish his creation through death, and on the 7th, raise him to an eternal sabbath of repose in the regions of glory. Here I compared the work of God in bringing man to a state of immortality, with his work in finishing creation and bringing man to a state of mortality.

The following is the amount of my ideas respecting man's work and rest:—Man's duty is to search the scriptures, & like the honest Bereans, labor to obtain evidence of truth; and when that evidence is obtained, he believes and enters (now) into rest, called a seventh day, and ceases from his labor (having finished his work) as God did from his. By faith he enjoys a sabbath of repose, not beyond the tomb but here. But how can this be, unless there is a 7th day, or sabbath beyond the veil in which to anchor his hope, and rest his faith? You will bear in mind that our faith and hope are not in things seen, (for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for) but in things not seen, which are eternal. The reality of his rest there, (when faith and hope shall be lost in certainty and joy,) must correspond with the existence of his rest of faith here. For instance; suppose a beggar in America receives evidence of the fact that there are \$5000 deposited for him in a bank in London. He believes and enters into the enjoyment of that property by faith. He has not yet got it into his own hands, and though in reality poor yet he is rich in faith. He has now entered into the rest of it by believing. He is conveyed to London, and the money is put into his possession. His faith is then lost in certainty. By the above you will see that this rest of faith in America, must correspond with the real rest of enjoyment in London.

The above is explained in the example of the two prisoners to which I refer you. I did not say that these prisoners labored in the *dungeon*; but might have added that when the news of their redemption was first announced, in order to believe it, they must labor for evidence of the fact; but I supposed my meaning would be apprehended. I plainly showed that the

news reached them, was believed by one, and the rest of faith enjoyed in the prison before they were cast into the *dungeon*, by which I meant death. Neither did I say, that the believing prisoner labored 6 days to obtain his rest of faith. I have drawn no comparison between the labor of God and the labor of man as to period. You have done the business for me. I simply stated that "God's work in us thro' death, will be finished in the same period that the inspired penman has shown us the completion of the natural world," which was written for our spiritual instruction.—To this period, Paul refers, when speaking of the rest of faith the believer here enters and says the works were finished from the foundation of the world. I again say, Paul refers to a 7th day rest, for no other is introduced.

You say, "the work of him who is entered into his rest is put into comparison with the work of God in creation." If you mean the work of man in studying the scriptures, in searching after truth to conduct him to the present rest of faith, then I agree with you that he will cease from his labor the moment he believes, the same as God ceased from his, the moment he finished it; but I will not admit that the comparison extends so far as to say that the work of man was 6 days. The above however appears not to be your meaning; but from the scripture you quote, I should think you meant manual labor. You say "every man works, and the time for his work is in this state of existence. The night cometh when no man can work." You then add the words of Paul:—"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest." Will you inform me how "every man" works till the night of death, and then obtains a rest beyond the grave as a reward for his labors? According to your ideas, he does not obtain a rest here, because he labors all the days of his life. If he entered into rest any period during life, he would cease from his labors. You say, "nor does he any where call it a 7th day rest." But let us see if the sabbath among other things is not used by the Apostle, as a shadow of something future. You may turn to the 2d chap. of Col. and read from the 12th to 13th verse. Here you will perceive he reasons that believers are already risen by faith in the resurrection of Christ.—The 16th, & 17th verses read thus:—"Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ." Here he calls the sabbath (which is a 7th day rest) a shadow of some reality yet to come. What is that reality, in comparison of which he pronounces the 7th day but a figure or shadow? Is it not an eternal sabbath of rest beyond the grave, which the believer here enters and enjoys by faith, and anticipation? In your communication you speak of but one rest, i. e. beyond the grave. But that rest is not of works lest any man should boast. How then can he labor to enter that rest, lest he should come short of it; for you believe all will enter it together? You state that the time does not appear to be revealed in scripture with any certainty when we shall enter the promised rest. Here you mistake my meaning, as well as the language of Paul. He says "we which have believed do enter into rest." How and when do we enter it? Ans. By belief, and the moment we believe. By belief in what? Ans. By belief in the *real rest* beyond the veil. How do we obtain this belief? Ans. By laboring, i. e. by strictly doing our duty as reasonable creatures in studying and searching the scriptures to obtain evidence of truth. When this is obtained, belief is the result, and the labor ends; and the effect of this belief is a present rest to the soul. Of this rest the unbeliever and the heathen come short.—But the rest which remains to the people of God beyond the grave, all shall enter, for all are his people. The above remarks (Br.) I hope will save you the labor of further querying, how a man must labor 6 days in death to enter a rest beyond. According to your wishes I have "allowed him his 6 days," (or 6 years if he wants it,) "here in life where only he can work."

The passages you have brought forward to prove a general resurrection I shall pass in silence, until you show their pertinency to that point by argument; and at that time Christ being the "first fruits" will also be considered. You bring forward the case of David as an objection to my views. You do not quote it correctly. You say "heaven," instead of "heavens." For David is not ascended into the heavens. I answer, and never will ascend into the heavens where Jesus has ascended, and will remain until he makes his enemies his footstool, but no longer. But is this any objection to David's resurrection? It is not. You say Christ ascended into heaven, and will again descend to our globe. Grant it. How long was he on the globe before he ascended? Forty days. Will you argue that during those 40 days he was not raised because he was not ascended? So it seems. When Jesus said Mary touch me not, I am not yet ascended to my Father; would you answer, well Jesus, then you are not yet risen from the dead because you are not yet ascended? And when Jesus descends again to our globe, would you argue that he was not raised from the dead, because he was not in the heavens? When you bring forward arguments against the resurrection of David I will endeavour to attend to them.

Permit me now to point out some contradictions and inconsistencies (as they

appear to me) in your communication.—These are your words:—"I perfectly agree with your observations till you introduce the question." Sc. Well, what were my observations? Ans. That man was a finished being, having all the principles originally implanted in his mysterious nature which will carry him by a regular process to immortality, the same as causes produce their corresponding effects—that he bears the image of the earthly, and the germ of the spiritual body, which being completely developed will be the resurrection, or image of the heavenly. In this you profess to agree with me perfectly. Let us see if you do. You further say:—"It is pretty certain from revelation that we shall all enter [the promised rest] together, in one vast company at one period of time." Here you contradict that to which you "perfectly agreed." If they all enter at one period of time, then they must be raised by miracle, and not by an established order of things, which I termed the *juster arms of nature*. Again, I said "the spirit of God operates on him, and continues its action in death," and you reply—"very well; so it does." Thus you contradict, by saying that "the Saviour of the world will descend again to our globe with the splendor of heavenly hosts in attendance to destroy death, by giving life and immortality to every son and daughter of Adam precisely at one time." A Christ at that moment gives it, then certainly the germ of that life was not originally implanted in their mysterious nature, nor gradually ripened by the spirit of God, which continues its uniform, unceasing operations in what we term death.

I would now ask you to inform me where Christ got those heavenly hosts to attend him? How came they in immortality without a resurrection? Perhaps you may answer that they were created immortal, and never partook of flesh and blood. Will you turn me to the scripture where you received your information? Perhaps you might have reference to 1 Thess. iii. 13. At the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints. But if none of the dead are raised till Christ comes at the general resurrection, how could he come with those saints? I presume you will not argue that they existed in a disembodied state. I will leave this for you to explain.

Will you produce the passage where Christ is to give life and immortality to every son and daughter of Adam at a general resurrection, or at any other time? Show me that he is any thing more than the author and finisher of our faith, having brought life and immortality to light, and furnished the world those glorious truths which prove it sure to all, but gives a present life, peace, joy and rest to believers only. Would it not be better (brother) to cease making assertions, and bring forward scriptures "about which there can be no dispute?"

The columns of this paper are valuable. I wish to avoid unnecessary disputation, and to cut the work short in righteousness. Before I proceed any further I wish you candidly to acknowledge the above contradictions and inconsistencies if you conceive them to be such; or if I have mistaken your meaning, be so good as to correct me by reconciling them. It is necessary we should understand each other, and make fair work as we pass along.

J. B. DODS.

Union, Dec. 14, 1828.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

LETTER.

TO REV. BENNETT ROBERTS, *Durham*:—Sir: It is with reluctance that I again appear before the public as your accuser; but there is a report now going the rounds that compels me to do it.

It is reported that you have pronounced what I said about you in a former letter, to be an absolute falsehood, and that, had I signed my name to it you would have made me smart for it. For the truth of this report I am not accountable, but for myself, I believe it.

I now, Sir, renew the charge, and say, that what I said about you is the truth, and will add, I can prove it; and unless you come forward and point out the Society of Universalists that are so very bad as you said "it had been ascertained they were," I shall believe you did not speak the truth in soberness, and that you are a base and cowardly calumniator. I challenge you to the proof. My name is in possession of the Editor and will not be withdrawn when legally called for.

LIBERALIST.

Freeport, Dec. 20th, 1828.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We would say to our Bowdoinham friend, whose communication, signed "Truth," we have on hand, that our request for his name was dictated by the most respectful motives—certainly by no unfriendliness towards him. We assure him we can keep a secret. "D."s Letter No. XI. is necessarily omitted till our next. The poetry of "V." is acceptable. We hope "T. G. F." has not forgotten us. Several articles are on file.

At the annual communication of *Freeport Lodge*, held Dec. 15th, 1828, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:—

R. W. Asa Bailey, M.
W. Jehiel Eldridge, S. W.
W. Enos Sawyer, J. W.
Bro. Joseph Mitchell, Treasurer.
Samuel Dillingham, Sec'y.
Alfred Soule, S. D.
Isaac Carter, J. D.
Wm. R. Kendall, Marshal.
William Pote, Jr. S. S.
Tristram R. Griffin, J. S.
Jacob Cotton, Tyler.

THE CHRONICLE.

"AND CATCH THE MANNERS LIVING AS THEY RISE."

GARDINER, FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1828.

CONGRESS. No important business has yet been done by Congress, and we do not deem it expedient to fill our columns with a journal of the dry and quite uninteresting proceedings of that body. As important subjects are introduced or acted upon, we shall endeavor to present them, in short, to our readers. Mr. Sprague, member from this district, has introduced a resolution prohibiting the use of ardent spirits in the army.—The resolution offered by Mr. Weems for revising the Tariff, being rejected 51 to 122, shows that nothing will be done this winter towards altering the existing Tariff.

In the Senate, the Committee has reported in favor of granting pensions to a number of revolutionary officers and soldiers, at the head of which is John Polereczky—we presume it is our valued neighbor, Count Polereczky, of Dresden.

Our good friend of the "*Clarion*" instead of looking out for a new name for his paper, as we certainly thought he would—if his attention was called to the matter—really undertakes in sober earnest to justify the use of the present one. He contends that the only possible use of a name to a paper is to distinguish it from its contemporaries; and, that, to use his own words, "the less there is of it the better." "Nor," says he, "does it matter much whether it convey any idea of the character of the paper." If he really believes all this, we will venture to make another suggestion. Let him strike out the title entirely. His paper would then, not only have the best distinguishing marks possible,—all other periodicals having some title,—but it would have an immense advantage over all of its fellows in the view of those who do expect something indicative of the contents of a paper in its title; as, if it should ever happen to be wholly without character, or to deserve an unenviable one, it could shelter itself under the plea, that it never held out the promise or sign of any. "Think of that master Brook!"

Our good friend of the *Clarion*—we are his friend—pretends that we committed a blunder, when we intimated that his paper was ever intended for the amusement and benefit of the Ladies. Poh! don't act the coquette now, friend,—leave that to the Ladies,—it better becomes them.—What? a Bachelor,—a young one too, or we are much mistaken, presenting himself before the public, dispensing sentimental anecdotes—poetry—tales of wonder and of love, and all the et ceteras in which youthful ladies chiefly delight; and even decking the very instrument where he announces his approach—"The *Clarion*"—with garlands of flowers—with wreaths of roses;—and not a candidate for the ladies' notice—the ladies' smiles—and, we were about to say,—the ladies' love? It is rank affectation to pretend it.

With respect to our having "gone beyond our authority" in intimating, that a change had taken place in the editorship of the *Clarion*, we would merely observe, that the intimation was not made wholly at random, as we had authority that we supposed was fully corroborative of the common report to that effect, and such as we presumed would completely justify what we wrote, in the judgment of any editor. After all, were we not correct in that particular? Pray who is editor of the *Clarion*? Has it an editor? and has it more than one? What does the star at the bottom of some of the editorial articles mean?

While correcting our "blunders" our good friend seems not to have wholly avoided making a small mistake himself. When classing our paper with those that have local titles, he calls it the "*Gardiner Intelligencer*." *Gardiner*, is no part of its title,—"*Gardiner*," in fact we have thee on our hip."—As to the comparison between the names of persons and papers, we don't think it a very good one; men have no control over their names, they are born with them, though many a "John Smith," we dare say, would have been glad to have had almost any other name. If the "*Argus*" and "*Palladium*" are rather ostentatious names, it may be that they are not wholly inappropriate; and if they are, we cannot see what justification that circumstance would be for the name of the *Clarion*. If our friend don't "thoroughly understand the object"—meaning, we suppose he intended to say,—of those words," we would be happy to furnish an explanation, and that too without recurring to a "*Classical Dictionary*."

On Monday last, Harrison Gray Otis was elected Mayor of Boston,—he having 2978— all others 1568.

The Kennebec river, at this place, was closed by ice on Thursday night of last week, the 18th inst.—25 days later than last year, and about a month later than usual.

On Wednesday, of last week, a building in Thomaston, in which were the Post-office

and a lawyer's office, was consumed by fire. Col. Dwight's marble manufactory was also much injured.

Delinquent subscribers, especially those who owe for more than one year's papers, are reminded that this is the last number of this volume, and those to whom we forwarded bills a few weeks since, are particularly requested to bear in mind the notice we have given respecting them. There is now but one week left of the time allowed those subscribers to settle their bills—and we would take this opportunity to repeat, that the course we have said we should pursue with those of them who may neglect our calls until that time, will be strictly pursued. We still hope that we may be under the necessity of resorting to extreme measures in but few cases, yet from present appearances, we are somewhat fearful we may be obliged to, in a great many.

We again present our thanks to those of our friends who are ever prompt in their payments. Their solid approbation encourages us to proceed in our course—and our best endeavors will still be exerted to merit a continuance of them.

Mr. Thomas Goodale, of Bucksport, is appointed an agent for this paper. The Reply's of Mr. Balfour, which we sent to Dr. Rogers, of Hampden, for Mr. Hinkley, since deceased, may be taken and disposed of by Mr. Goodale.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of

WASHBURN & WEBB,

is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment. Their notes and accounts may be found with the subscribers.

ZALMUNA WASHBURN.

BENJAMIN WEBB.

Albion, December 14, 1828.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing under the name of

BOWMAN & PERKINS,

is, by the mutual consent of both parties, this day dissolved. All persons indebted to said firm by note or account, are requested to call and make immediate settlement with JAMES BOWMAN, at the store recently occupied by them; where also all persons having demands against said firm are desired to present the same for payment.

JAMES BOWMAN,

ALVIN F. PERKINS.

Gardiner, Dec. 17, 1828.

JAMES BOWMAN gives notice, that he will continue to carry on business in the store recently occupied by Bowman & Perkins, where he invites his friends and the public to call on him, as he will constantly keep on hand an extensive assortment of Drugs & Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dry Goods, W. I. Goods, Groceries, English & Domestic Goods, Crockery, Glass, Hard & Hollow Ware, &c. &c.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last Will and Testament of Caleb Stevens, late of Pittston, in the county of Kennebec, Merchant, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM STEVENS, 2d., Executor.

Pittston, Nov. 11, 1828.

GARDINER IRON COMPANY have for sale at their Store in Gardiner,

Mill Cranks, Rims and Spindles; Iron Knees, Stanchions, Cogs and Shives, Windlass Necks, Hawse Pies, Capstan Heads, Rims and Spindles; Crow Bars, Plough Moulds & Coulters, Axletree Shafts, Sleigh Shoes, Patent and Common Oven Mouths, Cast Wheel Hubs, Cart and Wagon Boxes; 1-2 3-4 and 1 inch LEAD PIPE—for Aqueducts.

Also—a large assortment of

IRON AND STEEL.

Old Saws, Swedes and English Round, Flat and Square, IRON; Horse, Deck and Spike Rods, by the ton or smaller quantity; Cut and Wrought Nails, Anvils, Vices, Circular Saws and Files.

The Forge and Furnace are in operation and are prepared to furnish Forged Shapes, and Iron Castings, of any size or description. Their assortment of patterns are extensive, embracing most sorts of machinery now in use, such as Gearing for Cotton, Woolen, Grist, Felling and Saw Mills, Paper Mill Screws and Hay Press, Forge Hammers and Anvils.

Castings will be furnished at the shortest notice from any pattern that may be required, on the most liberal terms.

Their Machine Shop is well calculated for fitting and preparing all kinds of machinery.

Orders for any of the above addressed to the subscriber will meet with immediate attention. JOHN P. FLAGG, Agent. Gardiner, Nov. 1, 1828.

PROPOSALS for publishing by subscription.

A work entitled, *A Reply to Mr. Balfour's Essays, touching the state of the dead, and a future retribution*. By CHARLES HUDSON, Pastor of a Church in Westminster, Mass.

CONDITIONS. The work will contain about 200 pages, 18 mo. printed on good paper and fair type; and will be afforded to subscribers at the low price of 50 cents, in boards, or 62 1-2 cents, bound and lettered.

It will be put to press immediately. Subscriptions to be returned to the author, in Westminster, Mass. by the 20th Dec. 1828.

ROOM PAPERS.

P. SHELTON has just received from Boston a stock of the *Chronicle*, a very large supply of French and American Paper, Blankets, &c. &c. which will be sold at the lowest rates.